

Want to Be a Duke?

Mr. Peterson Ready to Sell You Any Title You May Wish to Bear.

He Also Has Decorations of All Countries for Sale to the Highest Bidder.

His Terms Are Half Cash, and He Is Not in the Nobility Business for Fun.

HE LIVES AT 257 WEST 69TH STREET.

This Distinguished Looking Young Italian Has a Very Clever Scheme to Get American Money With.

High title or decoration offered to respectable party of means. Box 300, 604 8th ave.

The above rather remarkable advertisement appeared in a New York paper a few days ago. It was intended to ascertain whether the originator of that brief notice was a fraud or a man who would do as he claimed, an inquisitive person instituted an inquiry with the following result:

Last Tuesday the man who rents private box 300 at No. 604 Eighth avenue received a letter purporting to come from one Charles Burton, a wealthy young man, who had recently inherited a fortune. Being therefore endowed with more money than brains, Mr. Burton expressed his wish in that letter to purchase any title that would help him to secure social prestige, no matter what the cost might be. To his letter requesting an interview with the dealer in "high titles and decorations," Mr. Burton received the appended answer:

January 8, 1896.
Dear Sir—In reply to your favor of yesterday I beg to say that I am pleased to meet you at any quiet place at your convenience. Or, if you will be good enough to let me know time and day that will suit you best, I shall be glad to name convenient place of meeting. Respectfully yours,
S. S. SMITH, Jr., Box 300, 604 8th ave.
Chas. Burton, Esq.

This letter was written in a very fine hand, indicating that the writer was not



Any Title You Wish May Be Purchased from "Mr. Smith," Alias "Mr. Peterson."
(Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)

only intelligent, but refined. An answer was sent immediately, requesting that he name the place of meeting as soon as possible, as Mr. Burton contemplated a trip abroad at an early date. Early Friday morning Mr. Burton was pleased to receive the following telegram at his hotel:

257 Columbus ave., New York, Jan. 10.
Chas. Burton: Please meet me today, 11 a. m. New York. S. S. SMITH, Jr., Box 300, 604 8th ave., New York.

Promptly at the hour named Mr. Burton entered the cafe, and found Mr. Peterson waiting. He was a man of about thirty years of age, well groomed, dressed in a Prince Albert coat and gray trousers with the customary cravat. His overcoat was of handsome brown Scotch cloth. He carried a fine silver-mounted cane. A neatly ironed silk tie completed his attire. He was the only thing about him which would not be called strictly up-to-date. It was solid and looked extremely out of place on a young man so well dressed in every particular. His dark and transparent skin glowed with perfect health and his fine dark eyes looked into his questioner's with perfect composure. He was a well-bred gentleman, whose air of being a gentleman was perfect. He spoke excellent English, although a charming accent proclaimed him a foreigner, presumably an Italian.

"Mr. Smith's" face was a pleasing one to look upon. Intelligence, culture and refinement were written upon every line of it. His dark and transparent skin glowed with perfect health and his fine dark eyes looked into his questioner's with perfect composure. He was a well-bred gentleman, whose air of being a gentleman was perfect. He spoke excellent English, although a charming accent proclaimed him a foreigner, presumably an Italian.

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depends on the extent of your education and your knowledge of the country you wish to become identified with. There are some countries which confer titles and decorations upon anybody who has sufficient money to purchase them, and if you desire I can act as your agent in procuring any sort of a title from that of a baron to that of a duke.

And then there is another way. For instance, in Italy there are several estates that I know of which are in the market for sale and the titles go with them. There is one dukedom I am familiar with that can be purchased for \$100,000, and still another smaller that I can secure for the small sum of \$50,000. You need not pay this sum in a lump. All that will be necessary for you to do will be to pay a portion down and the balance in installments. I can act as your agent in procuring any sort of a title from that of a baron to that of a duke.

"These titles can be secured for a very moderate sum, but my terms are perhaps what might be considered rigid. I should insist that the purchaser should pay the purchase price in some prominent bank, payable by my order before I commence negotiations for the title or decoration. If I am not successful the money shall be returned to him, but if the title or decoration is forthcoming the entire satisfaction, then he shall pay me the remainder of his obligation. If he will tell me the country from which he wishes to secure a title I can acquaint him with my ability to secure one for him.

"If I find that a person whom I may do business with is in earnest, then will I divulge to him my right name, and give him unquestionable references as to my position and character. I can give him the best references to be obtained in this city, among which will be persons of pronounced financial and social standing. I should prefer this matter be kept strictly private between us, as I should be overwhelmed with shame and remorse should such a transaction concerning me be made public. I am not a business man, and know very little of the forms which govern such matters, but I will try to be honest and liberal with those persons who treat me in the same spirit.

"No, I have not received many answers to my advertisement, yours and another from a gentleman downtown being the only ones so far.

"Mr. Burton left the presence of 'Mr. Smith' without investing in either a high title or a decoration, but he did ascertain what 'Mr. Smith's' right name is and where he resides. The attendant in the Nevada Cafe did not know him, and said that gentleman had never been in there before his knowledge.

At No. 257 West Sixty-ninth street, between West End and Amsterdam avenues, however, he is known as Mr. Peterson. He boards with a lady on the third floor of the Madison Hotel, but further than that little is known of him. He appears to be a gentleman of leisure, and evidently has

EIGHT WOMEN WITH UNTOLD POWER FOR INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.



The Strongest American Powers Abroad To-day are Lady Blackwood, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Craven, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Countess of Essex, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Leiter-Curzon, who Will Be Lady Scarsdale.

(Drawn from photographs by a Journal staff artist.)

Beauty Is for Peace.

Ten Women Who May Prevent War With England.

A Feminine Combination Stronger Than Lord Salisbury's Stubbornness.

Both Native Americans and British Social Lights, They Are True to the Stars and Stripes.

MALE DIPLOMACY IS OUTDONE.

Hopeful and Ambitious, This Council of Ten Is Constantly Inveighing Against Action by Great Britain That Would Provoke Hostilities.

London, Jan. 4.—There are in England's heart, in London itself, ten American true daughters of the United States, who are working quietly and mightily to prevent war between the two countries that are looking at each other in a sinister way.

To them war means a thousand times as much as it does to other American women. They are the two Duchesses of Marlborough, Ely and Consuelo; Lady Terence Blackwood, the Countess of Essex, Lady Craven, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, the Viscountess Dehurst—a great favorite in Victoria's Court—and Mrs. George Curzon, formerly Miss Mary Leiter. These have untold power for international arbitration.

Besides these women there are ten more that bear English titles, but these particular ten are so situated that they are in the very midst of the greatest powers that rule England to-day. Their influence thrown upon the scale would turn it whichever way they bent themselves.

If war were declared upon England to-day, Mr. Curzon, England's Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, would lose immediately, through his wife, \$15,000,000 in American securities alone. This was Miss Leiter's private fortune when she married Mr. Curzon last Spring, and at the first note of trouble her stock would drop to \$2,000,000, and at more trouble, to probably none at all. This is a solid and substantial reason why Mr. Curzon would not favor war and why Lady Scarsdale, as Mrs. Curzon's title will be some day, would world against such a calamity.

It is not to be supposed that any man worthy the name of statesman would allow his private interests to stand in the way of his patriotism, but it is difficult to see how a man in business circles, as Mr. Curzon is, and having great interests at stake could think otherwise. He sees the prosperity brought about by the combined interests of the two countries and he sees the wreck of these interests separated.

Mrs. George Curzon, bride as she is, is more powerful to prevent the war to-day than is any other living woman.

Her expected heir has a right to her unimpaired fortune.

Except Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain One has to except her when very great English influence is under discussion. Her husband is at the head, the very head, of the Liberal Unionists, a party as powerful in England as our great political parties are here.

Mrs. Chamberlain is very close to the heart of this party. She knows its secrets and hears its discussions. Her American mind and brain can do more for America than all the arbitration messengers ever penned, but in an inconspicuous way.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain could and does help her country by her American side. She is the daughter of a statesman, and was for many years her father's secretary. She understands our politics and our feelings. It is she who can explain our peculiar hereditary feeling for liberty as none others can. It was President Monroe's fear that the future England would surround such a man with a British translation.

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Rabbit Eyes for Men.

Here Is the Most Marvellous Achievement of Modern Science.

Wonderful Operations Which Preserve the Modern Man from Blindness.

Animal Membrane Grafted into the Diseased Optics of Unfortunate Persons.

DELICATE WORK BY CITY SURGEONS.

Tiny Tools, Microscopic Stitches and Absolutely Steady Nerves and Muscles Have Saved Sight for Many.

Little is it known that several dozens of New Yorkers have rabbit eyes—that is to say, that portions of the eyes of rabbits have been transplanted to their optics. Yet there are many men and women in the metropolis who, but for the tissues which they have borrowed from their four-footed friends, would be troubled with imperfect vision, if, indeed, they were not wholly blind.

The part that is transplanted in every case is a piece of the conjunctiva, the membrane that covers the front of the eye and also the outer surface of the lids.

The conjunctiva is a thin, delicate, transparent membrane with a great many blood vessels and lymphatic glands. It is attached loosely to the globe of the eye, the white of which is plainly seen through it. The object of the conjunctiva is to supply moisture so that the lid can move over the eye in advanced life, naturally inflame the membrane.

Many diseased conditions of the eye cause the destruction of the conjunctiva, which makes the conjunctiva shrink up, and the eye is left with a dry, inflamed, and painful condition. Therefore, if the conjunctiva is injured so badly that it cannot be healed otherwise, the eye surgeon must supply him with a new one, and if the conjunctiva is not in its normal condition, the natural irrigation is not adequate to give rise to further annoyance.

So it is apparent that nobody can get along comfortably without a good conjunctival membrane. Therefore, if the conjunctiva is injured so badly that it cannot be healed otherwise, the eye surgeon must supply him with a new one, and if the conjunctiva is not in its normal condition, the natural irrigation is not adequate to give rise to further annoyance.

Every instrument was exquisitely sharpened and polished. The knives were slender than knitting needles. It was evident that technical skill, common sense and mathematical precision were equally necessary to the success of the operation. Every piece of membrane to be transplanted must fit into the place designed for it as accurately as does the patch which the tailor sews into your evening coat after a night at the French ball.

First of all, Dr. Gomez was careful to see that his own hands and those of his assistants were sterilized with the most scrupulous attention. All the instruments were boiled, washed in alcohol and steeped in a solution of carbolic acid. The towels, bandages and absorbent cotton were sterilized with steam. Everything that was to come in contact with the patient's eye was made perfectly clean.

The young man was laid on the operating table and an ether cone was placed

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over his nose and mouth. When he was completely under the influence of the ether his face was scrubbed with soap and water, thoroughly rinsed with clear water and washed with a solution of bichloride of mercury. His eyelids were turned back, and both eyes were well irrigated with bichloride from a small rubber bulb. On a small stand near the operating table lay a live rabbit, which had just been chloroformed. While Dr. Gomez was preparing the eye of the patient, his assistants had done the same for the rabbit.

Sitting down behind the patient, Dr. Gomez introduced a speculum into the injured eye in order to obtain a good view of the organ. As the wound had been partially healed and an unsightly scar was present, he cut down into it and removed some of the scar tissue, leaving a surface of about an eighth of an inch in diameter. Through it he introduced a fine needle, so much bleeding as might have been expected. Besides, the wound was kept free from blood by the second assistant, who constantly wiped it with a piece of cotton.

After the bleeding had been stopped entirely, a piece of the rabbit's conjunctiva, corresponding in size to the hole made in the boy's membrane, was carefully dissected, much caution being used not to bruise it, and it was placed on the eye. Picking it up with two pairs of tiny forceps, Dr. Gomez laid it upon a piece of sterilized cotton which had been heated to the temperature of the human body. Then, with the most minute exactness, he placed the patch upon the bare spot, on the eye. He next brought the edges of the patch and the membrane carefully together and glued them in that position with collagen and cotton fiber.

With deft fingers Dr. Gomez removed the speculum, brought the boy's lids gently together, and placed a patch of gauze soaked in bichloride of mercury over the eye. He covered the gauze with a layer of absorbent cotton, and over that he placed a bandage. A few minutes later the influence of the ether passed off and the boy was put to bed. The entire operation occupied about forty minutes.

This is only a sample of hundreds of operations which Dr. Gomez and his brother eye surgeons have performed upon patients in this city in recent years. Conjunctival transplantation is the most delicate form of skin grafting known to operative surgery. It is peculiar to itself, too, in that it always throws a new light on the subject.

QUIET DEATH: BUSY TRADE

The Eternal Bustle of Sixth Avenue Encloses One Acre, in Which Is Found Eternal Rest.

Surrounded by one of New York's veritable human beehives, containing fripperies and fineries and millinery intended to adorn womanhood, and around which gather and chatter yearly a million of these fluttering butterflies of fashion, the dead-dead for nearly a century—descendants of fugitives from the Spanish Inquisition, many of whom were men of mark in the world of affairs, of politics, of religion, a century or more ago, living, they fled from barbaric persecution; dead, they defy civilization.

The place where these celebrated dead repose is practically a cemetery in a store. It is situated on Sixth avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, and is almost completely surrounded by H. O'Neill's dry goods and millinery store.

The cemetery belongs to a very wealthy Jewish congregation, which has a large temple, surmounted by a heavy dome, at No. 5 West Nineteenth street. It is one of the oldest congregations in New York, and comprises some of the best known and wealthiest business men in that busy business radius which has Wall Street for its central point.

Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, the minister, says that the society is about 225 years old.

It is one of the tenets of the congregation's religion that its dead shall never be disturbed or removed. This idea had its origin, it is said, in the fact that, in fleeing from the Inquisition the progenitors of these dead, and the descendants, themselves, had already been too much disturbed. It is for this reason that this cemetery, having never been removed, when O'Neill erected his store he tried to bury the cemetery, but the congregation will not sell cemetery property at any price. And there is no law compelling them to do so, except for the opening of streets.

The only means of access to this cemetery is a gate leading through a brick wall, perhaps twenty feet high, and fronting on West Twenty-first street. Those who know of its existence, the only portion of the interior visible from the street is the roof of the deadhouse. It is covered with some sort of clinging green stuff resembling moss, and has the appearance of being as old as the cemetery itself.

The congregation once had another cemetery, which began a few feet south of Eleventh street, near Sixth avenue, and ran north to a point near Twelfth street. This has almost completely disappeared, having had to give way to the cutting of Eleventh street, only a small part, with a few tombstones, remaining on the south side of Eleventh street, near Sixth avenue.

Gentle Cops in School.

Education Is Now Necessary to the Members of "The Finest."

How Roundsman Schauwecker Teaches the Young Idea How to Club, Not Shoot.

After One Month's Tuition the Pupil Can Stand in Front of a Saloon Without Moving.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED, TOO.

There Is No College Yell at the Coppers' Academy, but Many Quaint Questions Are Asked There and Many Quaint Answers Given.

On the third floor of the Police Headquarters Building, in Mulberry street, is a school for policemen, where the young ideas are taught to club. New officers do not rush blindly from the bod and the front platform of street cars into the ranks of the finest. They are first educated in the minor details of the profession; the faculty of being somewhere else when wanted develops naturally in the course of time.

Roundsman C. L. Schauwecker is now engaged with a class of sixty-four of the most recent appointees on the force.

The period of instruction covers one month, at the end of which time the new policeman is supposed to be competent to stand in front of a saloon on Sunday without moving. He also knows a lot of other things which prove useful to him in after life. The curriculum of the Coppers' College includes a course of five lectures on how to render first aid to the injured before sending in a call for the ambulance. With the first lecture for a text book the student is instructed when to make an arrest and when not to take a citizen into custody.

Professor Schauwecker has been a member of the faculty since 1885, and points with pride to the number of noble peepers turned out by his college. No policeman's alumni association has yet been formed, but the graduates often revert with tender memories to their alma mater. At one time the head of the academy and faculty consisted of a captain, one sergeant and two roundsmen, but for the past three years Professor Schauwecker has filled all the chairs himself. Still the high standard of education remains the same, thanks to the untiring zeal and industry of the professor.

Before entering the academy the pupil must pass two very rigid examinations—physical and civil service. When safely through these grades he usually graduates with honors, and reads an essay on "How to Awaken Somnolent Hoboes" at the commencement exercises, to the delight of the faculty and all assembled in friends and relatives. As football is not taught, the graduates go out upon their beats without the formality of a salute in patrol duty. The curriculum of the Coppers' College is not a long one. It covers the first eleven of some other Coppers' College. There is no college yell in vogue at the institution, and the municipality should be truly thankful. The only gymnastics indulged in by the student take place at the clubhouse or precinct station, where he is taught to patrol duty.

School opens, without prayer, promptly at 10 o'clock in the morning. One of the professor's greatest assets is punctuality. Absentees are required to bring written excuses next day, either from their parents or guardians or precinct captains. The tardy ones must also account for being late. Sometimes a guileless pupil who arrives half an hour behind time tells the trusting teacher that he was delayed by a street car blockade. The professor innocently asks where this blockade occurred, and then slips out and telephones to the station house in the neighborhood. The guileless pupil is said to be heartrending when the professor thus catches him. The means of detecting truants from school the police system of this city cannot be excelled. After once being caught the tardy scholar does not rely on blockades for an excuse.

The class listens two hours each morning to an exhaustive exposition of the 22d section of the penal code, which is for the guidance of patrolmen. Their powers are fully explained to them, and the latest approved method of making an arrest and how to charge a prisoner are made clear to the ambitious pupils.

Great stress is laid on what an officer can do with or without a warrant. The class is also instructed in the enforcement of ordinances. While these truths are being inculcated the roundsmen are asked questions tending to shed a more brilliant light on the subject.

One day the professor had just finished a particularly instructive lecture on law which prohibits the carrying of pistols without a permit from the police authorities.

"If, when you arrest a man for misdemeanor," said the teacher, "and find a pistol on him, an additional charge of carrying concealed weapons must be added. If the culprit is guilty of felony and has a pistol no charge should be made, but the fact must not be mentioned to be used against him in the trial."

When the professor had thus elucidated an inquiring pupil who thirsted for knowledge.

"How does this law agree with the constitutional right of Americans to carry arms?"

"If I could answer that question," replied Professor Schauwecker, "I wouldn't be teaching a class of policemen. There is no room for another Chatelet in this country."

On another occasion the class was being drilled in the explanation of the back of the neck to the future patrolmen that no person outside of the Department of Public Works had a right to make an excavation in the street without a permit to do so.

"Now, scholars," said the professor, "what would you do if the back of a man named an excavation in the street?"

"I would arrest it," replied an earnest student, who had lately retired from a cravie service on the force from the street car.

"What would you arrest?"

"The excavation,"

"More in jest than in anger the professor explained that an excavation was a hole in the ground, and therefore could not be loaded into a patrol wagon and taken to jail. Since this episode the teacher is careful to use the word "hole" in handling this branch of popular education.

The schoolroom in which these growing minds are trained does not differ from the average temple of learning. There are a number of forms on the back of the desk and a blackboard upon which diagrams of a policeman's duty are drawn. Contrary to popular belief, there is no anatomical chart showing the most vulnerable part of the human frame on which to land with a club. Nor more than a few faint sketches of the front elevation of a saloon, depicting the exact spot on which a policeman must stand during one of the evening raids. Every thing that is of the most practical nature.

The five lectures are under the auspices of the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured, and are delivered by doctors. As a rule these enthusiastic medical men become so carried away that they lapse into the use of technical terms which simply baffle the pupils. The object is to teach simple emergency remedies, but the recitals are so enmeshed in language that a gasping cop sometimes faints away, thus supplying a living subject for the rest of the class.

After the lecture is over, however, the student learns enough about administering "first aid to the injured" to pass creditable examinations.

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